

# THE SPY TRADE

**INSIGHT** traces the step-by-step story of the cloak-and-dagger bargainings that led to the first deal between the Russian and American governments for an exchange of captured spies

In the best traditions of diplomatic doubletalk, Russian and Britain each swear the other side made first move towards the Wynne-Lonsdale exchange. A thick official fog shrouds the actual negotiations which led to the swap on the Heer Strasse. But, coincidentally, James B. Donovan has just told in America the first full account of his nerve-racking week's bargaining in East Berlin which secured the Abel-Powers exchange. He sharply illuminates the conspiratorial techniques which govern such deals, and the thickly theatrical atmosphere in which they are conducted—and there is an immediate parallel between his story and the Wynne-Lonsdale swap. In both cases, the Russians achieved the same objective: they retrieved a lost master-spy by adroit manipulation of pawns. Already, there is some evidence that the actual tempo of the negotiations was similar—the Russians using their “hot-and-cold” technique again.

DONOVAN'S STORY, recreated from his diaries and reports, tells how he played a remarkable two-handed game with the Russians and East Germans, ostensibly independent but in fact collaborating in an attempt to confuse him. In the end he freed two other Americans, one from East Germany, one from Russia, as well as the U.2 pilot.

Donovan, a Catholic, is a well-known American lawyer and a Nuremberg prosecutor and was in the O.S.S. He defended Abel at his trial in 1957. Abel got 30 years—and while serving sentence was allowed censored correspondence with his family in East Germany. The U.S. intelligence men thought the family was, in fact, a group of Soviet agents. In May, 1960, Powers crashed his U.2 near Sverdlovsk, and the Russians gave him a 10-year sentence. Immediately, there was talk of an exchange in America—but, as in the Wynne case, neither Government covered the honour of the initiative. It was a year later, according to Donovan, that Abel's “wife” wrote to his office suggesting an exchange. It took the U.S. Government another seven months to decide. On Thursday, January 11, 1962, Donovan, then 45, was summoned to Washington: it had been decided “on the highest level” that the deal was in the national interest. Would

Donovan go to East Germany to fix it?

Immediately Donovan called from Washington to Frau Helen Abel in Leipzig, East Germany. There had been “significant developments,” he said, and concluded: “My proposal is that I meet you at the Soviet Embassy in East Berlin on Saturday, February 3 at 12 noon. It is imperative that no publicity be given this meeting . . . Accordingly, if the foregoing meeting is satisfactory, please cable my law office only the message Happy New Year.” Donovan was obviously right in the spirit of secret service work.

He now asked for a letter to guarantee the U.S. Government's intentions to the Russians, and late in the afternoon received this, on Department of Justice paper:

Dear Mr Donovan,  
With respect to the recent conference with you regarding executive clemency for your client, this is to assure you that upon the fulfillment of circumstances as outlined, the reason set forth in the letter to your client's wife as to why executive clemency should not be considered, will no longer exist.

Sincerely yours,  
Reed Cozart,  
Pardon Attorney.

It was too cautious, said Donovan. But already the determination of the U.S. and the Soviet Governments was clear: they were going to avoid actual contact with each other as far as they could. Donovan was told it was all he would get.

Donovan's diary entry for Thursday, January 25, was brief: “This morning at 10 o'clock I received at my law office a cablegram from Berlin which read HAPPY NEW YEAR and was signed HELEN.” On the Saturday, January 27, his entry began in a Buchanan vein: “I took a cab to the Harvard Club to meet a Washington contact for my final briefing. . . .”

The contact brought two new names into the story. First the East German gave him the name of a Yale student, on espionage

charges. Before the Wall went up Pryor had been doing Ph.D. research on trade behind the Iron Curtain, and had apparently dug rather too deep. The public prosecutor was demanding death—in the hope, apparently, that U.S. public opinion would demand diplomatic recognition of East Germany, so that moves might be made to save Pryor's life. Donovan was also told that Marvin Makinen, a University of Pennsylvania student, had been given eight years in Russia for photographing military establishments.

There was an East German lawyer, the contact went on, called Vogel, who claimed to represent the Abel and the (American) Pryor families. This man had just sent a message to the U.S. Mission in West Berlin: Mrs Abel was sure that Pryor and Makinen would be freed with Powers if the U.S. returned Abel. Your basic mission, Donovan was told, is to swap Abel for Powers—as for the rest, play it by ear. “I resolved,” says Donovan, “to try for all.” The contact said Donovan would not have any American diplomat with him on visits to East Berlin. It would be too embarrassing if anything went wrong. “Your situation is very different. There could be no embarrassment since you will have no official status.”

Donovan asked if he should carry a weapon, or any recording gear. He was told not to, but if this detracted at all from the Fleming-like element of his story, his arrival in London by Pan Am on Tuesday, January 30, made up somewhat. He booked straight into Claridges and was soon met by “a young, very competent ‘Mr White’” who alerted him to leave for Berlin next Friday, and told him his name in London would be “Mr Dennis.” “Then he gave me some West German marks, and I gave him a morning bracer of Claridges' brandy.”

Friday was February 2, and Donovan checked out of Claridge's before dawn. In Connaught Square “we picked up a young lady representing British security” and drove to a U.S. air base where the British girl left them. It was snowing heavily when the U.S.A.F. plane skidded into Tempelhof to be met by “an American named Bob, who had a small automobile parked nearby.” Nobody objected when they drove away without any formalities. Bob, “tall, good-looking, around 40, with

private house in Berlin. “You'll live here alone,” Bob said. “Every morning a safe German maid will come, fix your breakfast and make the bed upstairs . . . You'll find everything . . . American cigarettes, twelve-year Scotch, current magazines.”

After dinner, “Bob” drove Donovan to the Berlin Hilton and showed him the dim-lit Golden City Bar. After each foray into East Berlin, Donovan was to call him from the Golden City at an unlisted number, which he was to memorise. The number would be manned, night and day, while the operation ran. Clearly, a little bit

of Len Deighton—but the next day the mood changed, and became more like *The Spy Who Came in from the Cold*.

On Saturday, February 3, Donovan woke to a sleet-filled day with “a cold in my back which felt like pleurisy.” At 11.15 he entered the Zoo station in West Berlin, bought a round-trip ticket (“for good luck”) and took the twenty-minute ride to Friedrichstrasse in East Berlin. He was to “use his discretion” in getting past the guards—at that time visitors were sometimes let through, sometimes not.

Donovan got past the first guard, but “when I rounded a corner through a roped corridor I found about 100 people herded in lines and waiting for passport clearance. After ten minutes only one or two persons had been processed for entry and the delay seemed to be deliberate. . . . I left my place in the line and marched up to the nearest Vopo. Gloweringly, I loudly told him in German that I had an appointment at noon at the Soviet Embassy. He clicked his heels and escorted me to the head of the queue. I answered routine questions. . . .”

At the massive Embassy in Unter den Linden Donovan was told to try next door, the Consulate. A bell opened a formidable door to disclose a smiling young woman. “How do you do?” she said. “I am the daughter of Rudolf Abel. This is my mother, Frau Abel, and her cousin Herr Drews.”

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Donovan shook hands with  
round.

The daughter, some thirty-five years old, was "obviously very sharp. I took her to be Slavic. 'Frau Abel' looked about sixty and a typical housewife; she reminded me of a German character actress. 'Cousin Drews' was a lean, hard-looking man about fifty-five; he kept opening and closing his hands... an Otto the Strangler type." They were all shabbily dressed.

At twelve precisely the ante-room door opened and a tall, well-proportioned, neatly-dressed man with rimless glasses entered. He introduced himself as Ivan Alexandrovich Schischkin, second secretary at the Soviet Embassy, and moved the party into a conference room. "Secretary Schischkin," said Donovan, "I have come to Berlin for only one reason. An East German lawyer named Wolfgang Vogel sent a message that Mrs Abel believed that the release of her husband would free Powers, the American student Pryor, held in East Germany, and the American student Makinen, now in prison in Kiev."

Schischkin drummed his fingers on the table. Donovan passed him the Justice Department letter. "Very vague," said Schischkin. Details had been omitted from the letter said Donovan so that there would be no loose talk by stenographers.

After a pause Schischkin, in his classes, said:

"Over a year ago these Abel people came to my office. ... They are East Germans. ... I told them I would intercede with the Soviet Government, to see whether Powers might be exchanged for Abel. I received a favourable reply from Moscow, because certain Fascist factions in the U.S. have sought to link this East German with the Soviet Union. We would like to see this eliminated, in order to promote greater understanding between our two countries."

"However, as to these students Pryor and Makinen, I have never even heard of their cases. You have introduced a new matter, and I would be unauthorised to discuss it at this time." His English was immaculate.

Donovan said that if the Russians would not discuss the "new matter" he was going home—but first he would describe the U.S. arrangement for freeing Abel if Vogel's proposal should be ratified. Abel would arrive in Berlin by military aircraft, with the U.S. deputy-director of prisons carrying a pardon signed by President Kennedy, but requiring counter-signature. The deputy-director would sign the pardon at the suggested exchange-point: the Glienicke Bridge. "Are you sure such a document has been signed?" asked Schischkin. "Definitely," said Donovan. He wrote Bob's secret number on a card and passed it to Schischkin, saying that was how to reach him if the Russian Government was interested.

"So it is three for one they want," said Schischkin approvingly. "One artist," replied Donovan, "is always worth more than three mechanics."

The conference was over, after two hours. Abel's "family" had not spoken a word, and with the first fencing out of the way, Donovan could see clearly enough who was his real antagonist. U.S. Intelligence later told him they thought "Schischkin" was really the West European head of the Russian intelligence force KGB.

At 5 p.m. on Monday, February 5, Donovan was back in the consulate, where he met Miss Abel and Drews in the ante-room. Mother was unwell in her hotel, he was told (she never reappeared). Suddenly Schischkin appeared, took Donovan into the inner office, without the family and portentously opened a big leather portfolio. He took out a document:

1. The Soviet Government has humane feelings and in this spirit agrees to exchange Powers for Abel.

2. This humane action on both sides and the elimination of a permanent source of anti-Soviet propaganda should contribute to better relations between our countries.

3. If the American Government is interested in the freeing of Makinen, who is now in Kiev, the Soviet Government is ready to exchange Abel for Makinen, but a simultaneous exchange of both Powers and Makinen for Abel is impossible. It is up to the Americans to make their choice. If the matter is properly concluded, and better relations result, further developments could occur.

4. As to the case of Pryor, this matter is out of the province of the Soviet authorities and must be accomplished through the East German Government. This can be done through Mrs Abel and her attorney Vogel, who already have communicated to Donovan that their petition has received favourable consideration by the East German Government.

Schischkin added that the Glienicke Bridge was "not bad" as an exchange-point.

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Donovan replied that, in view of the number used, that was one of the things he wanted to know. "The Abel family were present when you gave it to me," said Schischkin. "The number was written on a card which I passed directly to you," said Donovan. "Some people have sharp eyes," was the bland reply.

Donovan said he trusted the Soviet had no intention of withdrawing. Schischkin leant back in his chair: the Soviet Government, he said, was not in the habit of changing an expressed position. "However," he said, "I wish to make a few personal observations. You tell me now for the first time that you have arranged with the East German Government to release Pryor in return for Abel. Before that you agreed with my Government to release Abel in exchange for Powers. It seems to me you are like a trader who is trying to sell the same merchandise to two

Donovan asked if the reference to Makinen meant the U.S.S.R. would grant Makinen clemency later if the Abel deal resulted in better international relations. Schischkin said he would "inquire."

Because of Donovan's sore back (now rather obvious) they arranged that the U.S. reply to this counter-proposal would be given, not in person, but through diplomatic courier. Outside the Embassy Donovan told Drews and Miss Abel what had happened, and she said: "We must go immediately to see Herr Vogel." A half-hour cab trip took them to a shabby building in a second-class district. Blankets covered the windows. "The entrance was poorly lit. I made out a flight of stairs, with bare walls on either side. It seemed so unlike the approach to the office of any attorney that with Cousin Drews behind me I grew apprehensive and looked over my shoulder more than once. At such moments one is comforted by the thought that there is no point in worry, since there is no place to run."

Vogel ushered them into a small, well-furnished office. He was a good-looking 37-year-old with a flashing smile. He wore a hand-made grey flannel suit, a white-on-white shirt, silk tie with matching handkerchief, and elaborate cuff-links; altogether a startling sort of East German. Vogel asked if Donovan spoke German, and when he was told "very poorly"

Cousin Drews surprisingly volunteered as interpreter. Several attempts were made to see if Donovan knew more German than he admitted.

Vogel produced a letter in German from the East German Attorney-General:

"It is hereby certified that the petition for release of your client to American authorities can be granted if the conditions known to you are met by the Americans."

different buyers and is asking both for payment."

Donovan answered: "In view of your Government's stated position of the independence of East Germany, why is it any concern of yours what the East Germans may do in recognition of the commendable U.S.-Soviet accord? If for 'humane reasons' the East Germans decided to release Pryor, or a herd of sheep, on the bridge at the same time as the Powers-Abel exchange, how is this a matter which concerns you?" Schischkin almost smiled, but did not answer. When Donovan went on to say that if yesterday's deal was not ratified, he would go home, Schischkin said he thought Donovan should go to Vogel's office and talk things over with him. "Please feel free to return here later today," he said.

The Russo-German tactics were now clear: they were going to keep Donovan shuttling between them, while they juggled with the various factors of the deal.

Donovan, wondering how the East German attorney had seen the U.S. Justice Department letter on which this was so obviously modelled, told Vogel he wanted a simple answer to a simple question: if the tentative plan for the exchange were approved by all concerned, did Vogel now guarantee the East Germans would produce Pryor at the same time and place for "the tripartite exchange?" "Definitely yes," said Vogel.

By 7.10 Donovan was in the Golden City bar telephoning "Bob." It all looked good: they were getting Powers, and a good promise for Makinen, from the Russians, and getting Pryor, the man threatened with death, from the East Germans. But just as Donovan was going to bed, Bob arrived with a message which had just come into the secret number from a West German call-box—a man speaking in German: "Unexpected difficulties have arisen. Must speak with you urgently in my office at 11 a.m. tomorrow, February 6—Vogel."

Was it a trap? They decided Donovan should not visit Vogel, but call on Schischkin and demand an explanation. Donovan rang the Consulate doorbell at 10 a.m. next day, and after a wait of 15 minutes Schischkin came to him. Schischkin expressed surprise at the visit.

Donovan told Schischkin that the U.S. Government was willing to exchange Abel for Powers and Pryor on the understanding that Makinen would receive clemency soon after. Schischkin nodded. Then Donovan said that "last night's mysterious message," when reported to Washington, had disrupted all the plans. He handed Schischkin a copy of the message, and Schischkin said: "How very strange a message: What does it mean?"

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"Pavlov" tactics, Donovan called them, designed to shatter his morale by constantly building up his hopes and then exploding them.

Conceding a point, Donovan took a cab to the office, where he found Vogel and Drews. Miss Abel was "taking care of her mother," (she never reappeared), but Vogel read to Donovan a lengthy document on cheap, lined paper which he said she had prepared. It started: "Last night after we had departed I was summoned by Mr Vogel and he told me bad news"—and moved into a declaration that the East German Government had never meant to swap more than one person for one person, and were most surprised to hear that Donovan had fixed up with the Soviet Union for an exchange of

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someone else. The Attorney-General's office had now determined that "in case of the American refusal to exchange Pryor for Abel, they will start the trial and make a sensation out of it," with "negative results for the Pryor family in particular."

Donovan exploded. East Germany and Vogel were obviously in bad faith. Any idea of an exchange of Abel for Pryor was out of the question. Schischkin and Vogel, said Donovan, were obviously trying to make a fool of him. He got up and began to pull on his greatcoat.

Vogel pressed a buzzer. The office door snapped open. A man marched up to Vogel's desk and, head nodding like a parrot, said the Attorney-General had just rung. The Attorney-General

wanted Vogel in his office at 1.30 to discuss "the Pryor matter." further. "This is good news," exclaimed Vogel, looking at his watch. "Please remain in East Berlin until my appointment is concluded. I promise I shall try to have the Attorney-General change his mind."

Donovan agreed, but said he would like some lunch, and he had no East German money. Vogel gave him 50 marks, and Drews asked if he might join Donovan for lunch. Vogel and Donovan walked downstairs while Drews "booked a table" (as the restaurant turned out almost empty, Donovan decided it was a call to Schischkin). But Vogel, watching over his shoulder for Drews, gave Donovan a thumbs-up sign and said: "No

retreat." "He obviously was trying to carry water on both shoulders," decided Donovan. "Drews then came downstairs, and we all entered Vogel's car, a surprisingly attractive new sports model. . . ."

Drews and Donovan were finishing lunch about 3.15 when Vogel came in. A terrific battle with the Attorney-General, but he had finally been victorious. All difficulties had now been removed—as far as the East Germans were concerned, Pryor could go over with Powers. The entire trouble had stemmed from the fact that Donovan had gone to see Schischkin first, not the Germans.

Back to the Soviet Embassy, where Schischkin elaborately introduced himself to Vogel as a complete stranger, and took Donovan away for a private talk. Another switch was coming. The Soviet Government, Schischkin said, had formed the impression from Donovan's remarks that Makinen was regarded as more valuable than Powers. Therefore, the Powers offer was withdrawn—but they would now swap Makinen for Abel instead.

Donovan exploded again. The Powers-Abel exchange had been basic to the discussions, he snapped. "You have been playing chess with me since last Saturday. While I enjoy chess on occasion, I don't now have time for a game." "Me?" replied Schischkin. "I play only volleyball."

The Communists were in fact playing a very skilful game, and making the best of their three rather weak "pieces." But Donovan knew that his "one artist" was still worth more than "three mechanics." He stormed out of Schischkin's office without shaking hands, saying if he had not heard something better by tomorrow night, he would go back to New York.

Drews walked with him to Friedrichstrasse station. As they parted, Donovan said that, if he went home, he would tell Colonel

Abel that his family was abandoning him, and perhaps he should reconsider his refusal to co-operate with U.S. intelligence.

Next day was Wednesday, February 7, dark and sleet-filled. The Washington cables complained that Donovan was overplaying his role, and endangering the main business of swapping Abel for Powers. They added that if he went back to East Berlin, it would be at his own risk. Donovan's concern about being seized himself had some foundation. Vogel pointed it up lightly once when Donovan got rid of East German marks to comply with border rules: "It is lucky you are so scrupulous, or we might have to exchange you." At 3.15 p.m. a message came to the unlisted phone number:

Donovan. Unfortunately we got no reply today. We hope to get it tomorrow. Will inform immediately—Schischkin.

In front of an open fire, Donovan conferred with "Bob," Alan Lightner, chief of the U.S. mission, and Gen. Lucius Clay, Kennedy's personal representative in Berlin. The group agreed that it would be foolhardy for Donovan to make another "surprise" visit to East Berlin through the Curtain. But eventually Ambassador Clay drafted a message which went off to Schischkin by diplomatic courier:

Received your telephone message and regret delay, as the time which I can spend here is limited. As my back still bothers me, I would like to ask that you come to the residence of Mr Howard Trivers of our mission between 4.00 and 6.00 p.m. tomorrow. The address is 12 Vogelstrasse, Dahlem—Donovan.

At dawn on Thursday, February 8, a message came over the secret number:

Donovan: I got a favourable reply. Waiting to see you at my office 4 o'clock today if your health allows you to come here—Schischkin.

Over breakfast, Donovan con-

sidered the message with "Bob." A trap? Another skirmish in the war of nerves? Eventually Donovan decided he must go.

His taxi drew up outside the Soviet Embassy at 3.45. Schischkin appeared, and took him into a private office. A table had been set up with a bottle of Armenian brandy, mineral water, biscuits and a bowl of fine apples. The crystal and silver were glorious. Schischkin filled two glasses with the brandy ("our best—very expensive") and proposed a toast of "good luck." They clinked glasses. Thank you, Professor Pavlov, thought Donovan.

Everything was fine, said Schischkin—Powers and Pryor would be released simultaneously. Moscow approved. Only—the two actions would not take place at the same point, because East Germany was a separate Government. Donovan said this seemed an unnecessary complication, but Schischkin stuck to it, so he finally agreed. But what about Makinen? Schischkin said he had communicated Donovan's thoughts, and the Soviet Government approved them in principle.

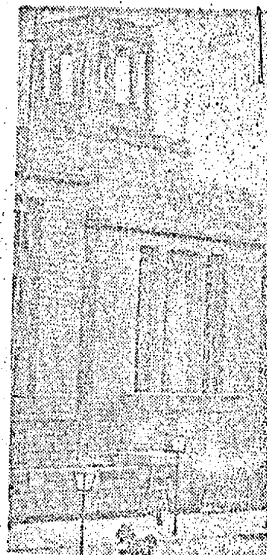
"Donovan knew he had got as much as he was going to get—the U-2 pilot and the student under threat of death, with good prospects for Makinen, the student jailed in Kiev. But the Communists were sticking to their façade of "independent" operations, and he knew they had not given up hope of getting more out of him.

Straight-faced, Schischkin suggested the exchange be made at his Embassy. Donovan dismissed this, and they agreed tentatively on 7.30 a.m. at Oberbaum bridge. They had some more brandy, and cut up an apple. Then Schischkin called an embassy car, and despite the sleet insisted on shepherding Donovan into it.

"I returned through the usual channels and arrived in West Berlin at 6.10 p.m. I gave a message for Washington to Bob at the Golden City Bar, saying that the deal was complete and 'the package there' should be transported immediately."

Donovan and Schischkin met again at noon on Friday the 9th. The Russian said that a review of that morning's traffic on the Oberbaumbrücke had led them to return to the original Glieniccker Bridge idea. But it was further away: make the time 8.30.

They had one more good thrust each to finish the duel. Schischkin argued at length that Pryor should be released at Vogel's office, but Donovan refused any location inside East Berlin. Finally, Schischkin said Pryor could go over at Checkpoint Charlie, on Friedrichstrasse, by a two-way radio-car to pass the word to Glieniccker where he and



The Soviet Embassy in East Berlin where Donovan met Abel's "relatives"

Schischkin would exchange Powers and Abel.

Then: "I urged Schischkin, in his self-interest, to release Pryor today so as to keep the deals separate, but Schischkin replied that this would be contrary to his instructions."

On Saturday, February 10, Donovan rose at 5.30 and wearily packed. He drove to the U.S. military compound and, in a maximum-security cell underground, met his old client Abel, "thin, worn and suddenly old, but as gracious as ever." Abel said: "Hello, Jim," and offered him an American cigarette, saying wryly: "I shall miss these."

Just before departing for the bridge, Abel took Donovan's hand and said: "Your hobby, I know, is collecting rare books. In my country such cultural treasures are the property of the State. But in some way I shall arrange for you to receive an appropriate expression of my gratitude, within the next year."

The bridge was bitterly cold, with U.S. military police everywhere. The disconcerted West German border guards had been shoved into a sentry box to drink coffee. At 8.15 Abel arrived in a car full of guards—one of them, around 6ft. 7in. and 300lb., was the biggest man Donovan had ever seen.

At 8.20 Donovan, flanked by Lightner and an ex-comrade of Powers, walked on to the centre of the bridge to meet Schischkin. Donovan and Schischkin exchanged assur-

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Powers



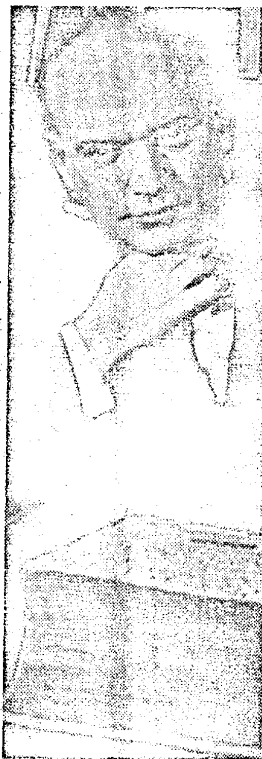
Pryor



Makinen

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Donovan and book: from a grateful spy

ances and a handclasp. Then, from the Western end Abel, the mountainous guard, and the Deputy-Director of Prisons, Fred Wilkinson, paced forward. From the Russian end came Powers, in a fur shako, and "two men like retired wrestlers."

The exchange, said Schischkin, must now take place. Pryor had been released. Donovan called back to the radio car for confirmation. Someone shouted: "No word on Pryor yet."

Schischkin said the Americans were wrong. The exchange must be made immediately, before civilian traffic arrived. Was it a serious attempt to get Abel and keep Pryor—or was it just force of habit? "We wait right here," said Donovan, "until my people confirm that Pryor has been released. Perhaps Vogel is arguing with Pryor about his legal

fees. This could take months." Schischkin roared with laughter. "I yield to you as a lawyer," he said. "No doubt you've had the same experience many times."

At 8.45 there was a cry from the U.S. end: "Pryor's been released." Wilkinson produced the pardon for Abel, and countersigned it. At gestures from Schischkin and Donovan, Powers and Abel, carrying overstuffed bags, crossed the centre line. "Gee, I'm glad to see you," said Powers, grasping his former comrade's hand and walking off the bridge.

Abel paused, and asked Wilkinson for his pardon. "I'll keep this as a sort of diploma," he said. He put down his bag, gave Donovan his hand, and said, "Good-bye, Jim." Donovan answered: "Good luck, Rudolf."

Schischkin and Donovan clasped hands again. "How long will you and Powers remain in Berlin?" Donovan shrugged, and with a sudden attack of negotiator's paranoia thought of the journey through the Corridor out of East Germany. "I think we're entitled to a few days' rest here, don't you?" he said. "Of course," said Schischkin. "Good-bye and good luck."

On October 11, 1963, after two reminders from Donovan, Marvin Makinen was released by the Russians. But before that, in August, 1962, there was an odd incident at the Wall. At the trigger-happy height of a border crisis (an East German youth had been shot down and left to die by the Vopos) a Soviet courier came up to Friedrichstrasse check-point with an envelope and package. They were addressed to Donovan in New York. The letter said:

Dear Jim,

Although I am neither a collector of old books nor a lawyer, I believe that the two old books printed in the XVth-century and dealing with law that I was lucky enough to find are sufficiently rare to be a welcome addition to your collection. Please accept them as a mark of my gratitude. . . .

I trust your health will not suffer from overwork.

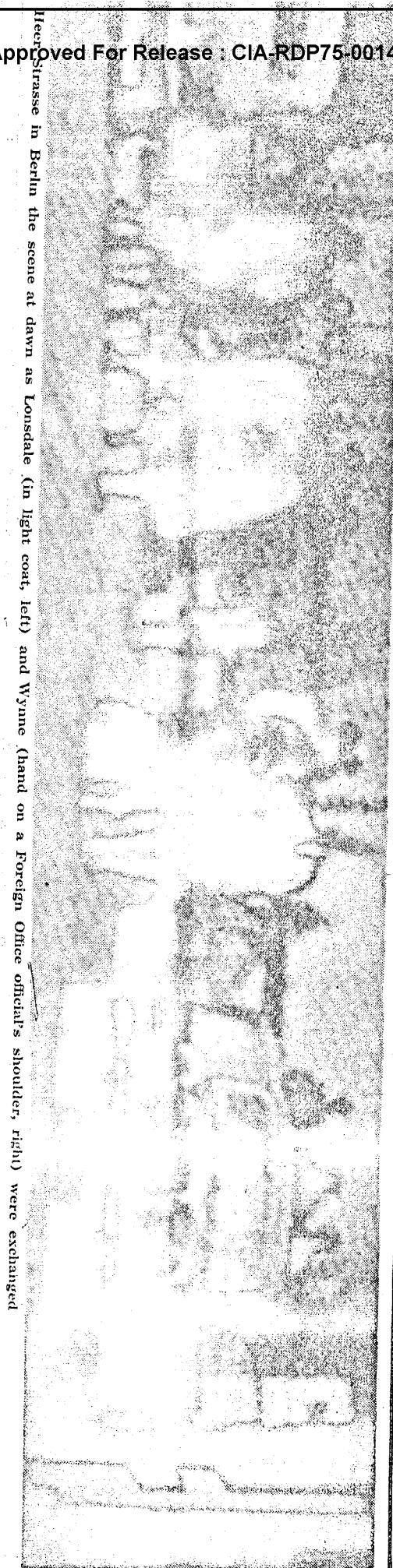
Sincerely yours,  
Rudolf.

The package contained two rare 16th century vellum-bound editions of "Commentaries on the Justinian Code," in Latin.

Secker and Warburg will publish James Donovan's book "Strangers on a Bridge" in England this autumn.

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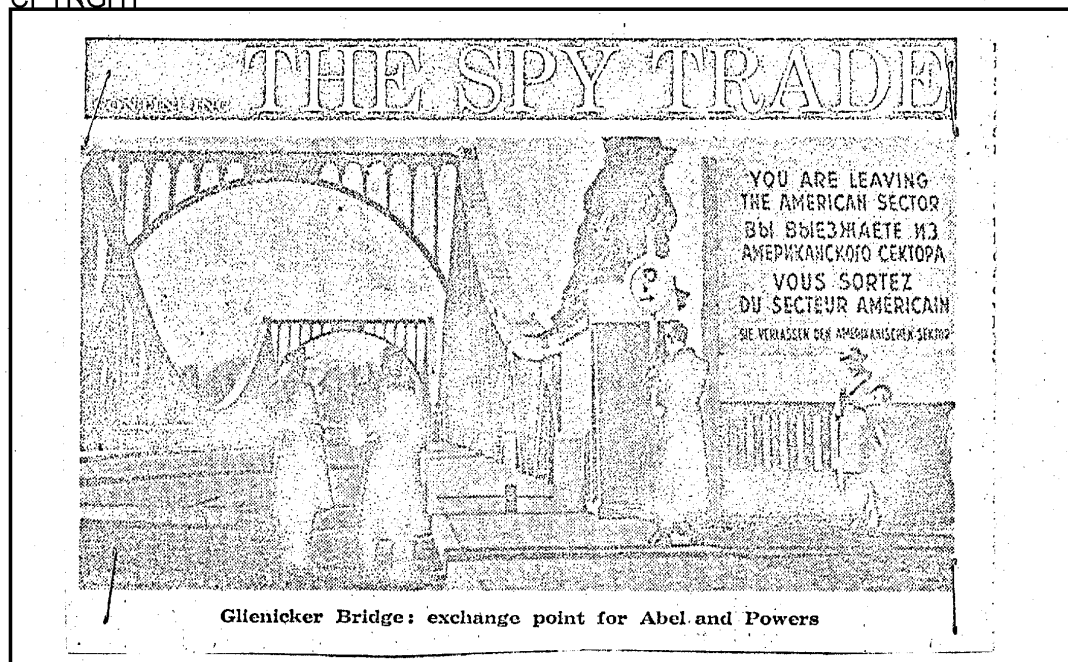
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Heerstrasse in Berlin the scene at dawn as Lonsdale (in light coat, left) and Wynne (hand on a Foreign Office official's shoulder, right) were exchanged

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